

FEAR

MARVEL COMICS GROUP TM



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ADVENTURE INTO **FEAR** TM WITH

THE MAN CALLED **MORBIUS**..

THE LIVING VAMPIRE

IN THE CLUTCHES
OF THE
UNCANNY
CARETAKER!

MYSTERY--MOOD--MENACE!
IN THE FEARFUL TRADITION OF
DRACULA!



Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE MAN CALLED **MORBIUS**..

OUR STORY SO FAR: MORBIUS HAS FALLEN UNDER THE HYPNOTIC SPELL OF THE OCCULT PRIEST DAEMON!



AND THAT MALEVOLENT MYSTIC HAS DISPATCHED THE MAN-BAT ON A DEADLY ERRAND--



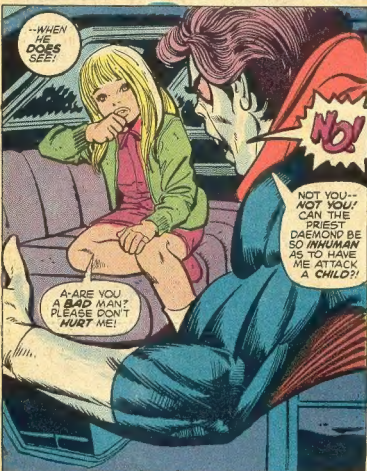
--TO DRAIN THE BLOOD OF ONE OF DAEMON'S MOST POWERFUL FOES!

THERE IS THE AUTO HE SPOKE OF!



NOW WE SHALL SEE WHO MY VICTIM IS TO BE!

IMAGINE MORBIUS' HORROR--



--WHEN HE DOES SEE!

No!

NOT YOU-- NOT YOU! CAN THE PRIEST DAEMON BE SO INHUMAN AS TO HAVE ME ATTACK A CHILD?!

A-ARE YOU A BAD MAN? PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!

AND NOW... **PREPARE** FOR A VAMPIRE TALE UNLIKE **ANY** YOU'VE EXPERIENCED BEFORE-- A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE SAGA THAT SPANS ALL **EARTH'S HISTORY** FROM THE DAWN OF TIME TO THIS FRAGILE MOMENT. A TALE THAT BEGINS **AGAIN WITH...**

PROJECT: SECOND GENESIS!

AS CHRONICLED BY--

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FOR LONG SILENT MOMENTS, MORBIUS PEERS AT THE TREMBLING GIRLCHILD AS THE PRIEST'S SPELL WARS WITH HIS OWN NATURE.



IS HE ANIMAL ENOUGH TO COMMIT THIS VILE ACT? HAS HE LEFT HIS HUMANNESS THAT FAR BEHIND?

NO! RATHER WOULD I SUFFER THIS UNHOLY CRAVING FOREVER--



-- THAN KNOWINGLY DESTROY THIS-- THIS INNOCENT!

THUS, DAEMON'S SPELL IS BROKEN-- BY SHEER FORCE OF WILL, WHICH THE PRIEST NEVER DREAMED THIS VAMPIRE POSSESSED.



AND MORBIUS WALKS AWAY.

HOWEVER--!



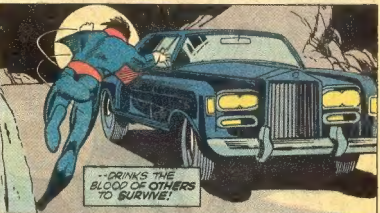
THERE IS STILL THE MATTER OF THE THIRST-- NOT THE PRIEST'S HYPNOTICALLY-INDUCED MANIA--

-- BUT THE REAL THING!



THE MADNESS THAT COMES FROM THE BAT-ENZYME WHICH CURED MICHAEL MORBIUS OF A TERMINAL BLOOD DISEASE--

-- AND MADE OF HIM A LIVING VAMPIRE, A CREATURE WHO--



-- DRINKS THE BLOOD OF OTHERS TO SURVIVE!

IT IS NO USE! I CAN'T RESIST IT--!

I DO NOT WISH TO DO THIS THING! I HAVE NO DESIRE TO ROB OTHERS OF THEIR LIVES...!



BUT I MUST-- I MUST HAVE YOU-- DRINK FROM YOUR VEINS-- TO LIVE!



MUST YOU, MORBIUS?

I PITY YOU, THEN--FOR I DO NOT *WISH* TO BE FOOD FOR YOU! I WISH, RATHER, TO *RID* MYSELF OF YOUR *PRESENCE*!

BEAMS OF POWER--FROM HER EYES!

AND MY WISHES, FIEND, ALWAYS COME TRUE!

IT IS MADNESS! HOW CAN A MERE *WISP* TOSS ME BACKWARD--WITH BUT A GLANCE?

UNLESS--YOU ARE NOT A CHILD--BUT A MONSTER AS FRIGHTFUL AS I!

NO, BLOODSUCKER--NOT A MONSTER, BUT A MIRACLE! YOU HAVE LOST YOUR HUMANITY--

--WHILE I HAVE BEEN GIVEN SOMETHING MORE.

PERHAPS THE DISTINCTION IS NOT CLEAR TO YOU. YOUR INTELLECT, I SUSPECT, HAS BEEN BLURRED BY YOUR... APPETITE.

SO LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I AM...

...BY SHOWING YOU WHAT I *SHALL* BE ONE DAY!

YOU SEE--NOW I EXCEL YOU NOT ONLY IN MIND BUT IN PHYSIQUE AS WELL. SHALL WE DO BATTLE, VAMPIRE?



YOU ARE NOT REAL! YOU CANNOT BE! YOU'RE A MERE PHANTASM-- AN ILLUSION!

AM I? THEN TEST OUT YOUR THEORY! COME, TRY TO PASS ME!



YOUR WORDS DO NOT IMPRESS ME, "WOMAN"!

I SEE NOW WHAT THIS IS-- MORE OF DAEMON'S TRICKERY! THE CHILD MUST BE HIS AIDE!

AND ALL THIS IS AN ATTEMPT TO DRIVE ME MAD, ISN'T IT?



AARGH! THE LASH IS-- NO ILLUSION! ITS STING IS-- ALL TOO REAL! WHAT ARE YOU?



I AM... WHAT THE CHILD TARA SAID I AM! I AM SHE, SOME TWENTY YEARS HENCE!

YOU--YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT! I AM A SCIENTIST--



AND YOU THINK ME A SLAVE TO SUPERSTITION, I SUPPOSE! HOW WRONG YOU ARE, MY BLOODTHIRSTY FRIEND!

BLOOD-THIRSTY? ARE YOU INTIMATING...



...THAT I ENJOY THIS MONSTROUS EXISTENCE I LEAD? AND YOU CALL YOURSELF AN INTELLECT!

YOUR INTIMATION COULD NOT BE FARTHER FROM THE TRUTH! YOU TOTALLY MISUNDERSTAND MY NIGHTMARE!

ONLY MARTINE
EVER TRULY
UNDERSTOOD
ME! ONLY SHE--!

BAH! WHAT
HAVE I TO
GAIN BY
DWELLING
ON
MEMORIES?

"I DO NOT NEED
MARTINE, NOW--
I NEED BLOOD!"

"YOUR
BLOOD,
VIXEN!"

HOW I LOATHE
THE BITTER TASTE...
THE GRITTY TEXTURE
OF THE STUFF!

YET... WHEN THE THIRST
COMES UPON ME... I CAN
THINK OF NOTHING ELSE!

NO-- PLEASE--
THE CHILD! YOU
MUST NOT DO
THIS TO
THE CHILD!

WHAT HAS SHE
TO
DO WITH THIS? IT'S
YOU WHO SHALL BE
MY FEAST, NOT--

AAGGH!

THE GIRL--
COLLAPSING, AS
IF -- BUT... THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

THE WOMAN WAS
REAL-- A THING OF
FLESH-- AND GOOD,
THICK BLOOD!

WAS SHE
MORBIUS?
LOOK
AGAIN--
LOOK!

SHE VANISHES--
DISSOLVES INTO
MIST AND SLIPS
THROUGH MY
VERY FINGERS!

BUT THE
MIST ITSELF
SEEMS TO
POSSESS A
KIND OF
LIFE!

FOR IT DOES NOT
MERELY DISSIPATE--OR
JOIN WITH THE AIR!

IT LEAPS
BACK TO THE
FALLEN
CHILD! IT
APPEARS... TO
SEEP INTO
HER BRAIN!

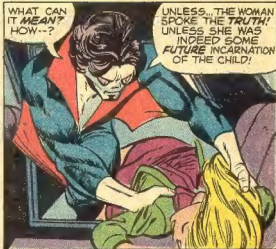
OR, PERHAPS...
HER MIND?



WHEN THE AWFUL HUNGER IS UPON HIM, MORBIUS IS A DEMON-- LUSTING, INSANE--!

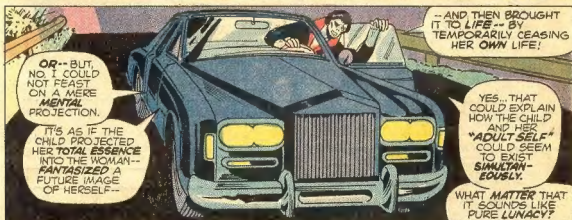
BUT WHEN THE THIRST IS SATISFIED, THE PASSION QUELLED... HIS IS THE INQUIRING, EMPIRICAL MIND OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST BRILLIANT MEN OF SCIENCE. AND HE IS CURIOUS!

INCREDIBLE! THE GIRL BEARS MY MARK UPON HER NECK! IT WAS HER BLOOD I DRANK!



WHAT CAN IT MEAN? HOW--?

UNLESS... THE WOMAN SPOKE THE TRUTH! UNLESS SHE WAS INDEED SOME FUTURE INCARNATION OF THE CHILD!



OR-- BUT, NO, I COULD NOT FEAST ON A MERE MENTAL PROJECTION.

IT'S AS IF THE CHILD PROJECTED HER TOTAL ESSENCE INTO THE WOMAN-- FANTASIZED A FUTURE IMAGE OF HERSELF--

-- AND THEN BROUGHT IT TO LIFE-- BY TEMPORARILY CEASING HER OWN LIFE!

YES... THAT COULD EXPLAIN HOW THE CHILD AND HER "ADULT SELF" COULD SEEM TO EXIST SIMULTANEOUSLY.

WHAT MATTER THAT IT SOUNDS LIKE PURE LUNACY?



WELL, **WHATEVER** THE CASE, THE CHILD MUST NOT DIE! A TRANSFUSION WILL SAVE HER LIFE, IF I CAN GET HER TO A HOSPITAL IN--

GOOD LORD!



A MAN-- FLOATING ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE ROAD-- AND SIGNALLING ME--!

HALT, MICHAEL MORBIUS! HALT, I SAY!

THE CHILD BELONGS TO US-- AND WE ALONE CAN SAVE HER!



YOU MUST TAKE THIS SIDE ROAD... FOLLOW IT TO ITS END. WE SHALL BE WAITING.

WAIT! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT--?

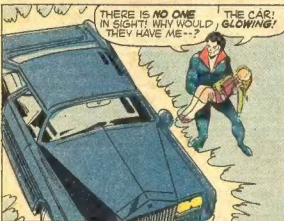
SCREECH!

BUT THE MYSTERIOUS CLOAKED FIGURE VANISHES AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD APPEARED... LEAVING MORBIUS NO CHOICE BUT TO FOLLOW ITS INSTRUCTIONS--AND THE SIDE ROAD-- FOR HE DARE NOT RISK THE CHILD'S LIFE...!

BUT THAT ROAD LEADS HIM HERE... TO THIS DARK, OMINOUS, APPARENTLY DESERTED CLIFFSIDE MANOR, OVERLOOKING LOS ANGELES.

WHICH GIVES HIM CAUSE TO WONDER...

...HAS HE SAVED THE CHILD... OR DOOMED HER?



THERE IS NO ONE IN SIGHT! WHY WOULD THEY HAVE ME--?

THE CAR! GLOWING!



GONE!

IS ANYTHING REAL IN THIS MAD PLACE? OR AM I ADRIPT-- ALONE--

--IN SOME LEWIS CARROLL NIGHTMARE?



YOU ARE NOT-- ALONE OR ADRIPT! WE ARE HERE, MORBIUS... AND SO, ARE YOU.

BEHIND ME--? LORD, WHAT IS THIS COSMIC COMEDY I'VE STUMBLER INTO?



AGAIN YOU ERR, MORBIUS. IT IS NEITHER COSMIC NOR COMIC. BUT... YOU WILL SEE.

FIRST, HOWEVER, WE MUST ATTEND TO YOUNG TARA.

YOU TOOK HER FROM ME-- WITHOUT TOUCHING HER! PSYCHOKINESIS!



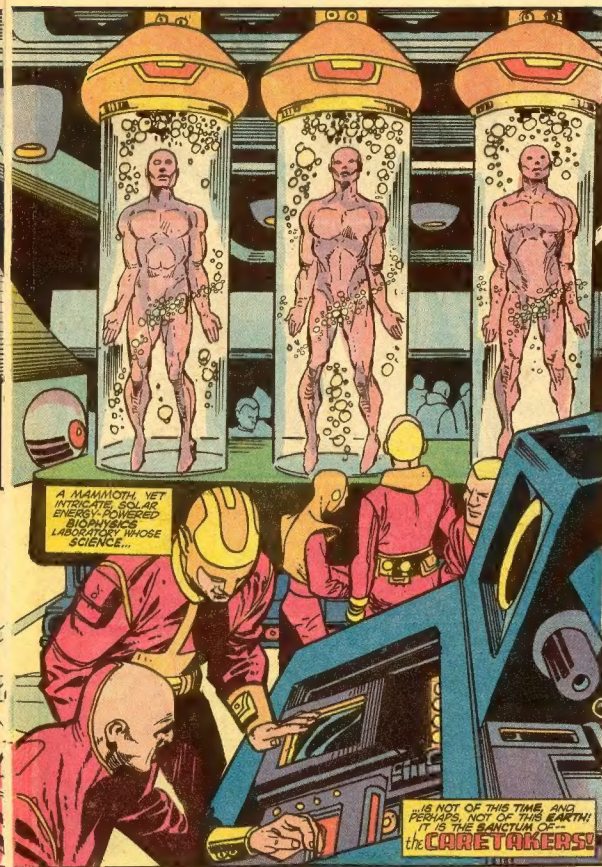
ARE YOU TRULY AS STARTLED AS YOU SOUND, MY FRIEND?

COME... WE WILL SHOW YOU WHAT TRUE MARVELS ARE-- INSIDE.

YOU TALK AS THOUGH MIND OVER MATTER WERE NO MORE THAN A PARLOR TRICK!



THOR AND HERCULES—BEFORE THE GATES OF HELL! DON'T MISS THIS LANDMARK ISSUE!



WHAT IS ALL THIS?
AND WHO ARE YOU?

I CAN ONLY
GUESS AT THE
PURPOSE OF
THIS VAST
COMPLEX...
BUT IT SEEMS
TO BE
MONITORING
THE LIFE
PROCESSES
OF THE BODIES
IN THOSE
TUBES!

ARE YOU
ACTUALLY
CREATING--?

QUITE THE
OPPOSITE,
IN FACT.
COME... TO
THIS
SCREEN.

LIFE? YES,
IN A SENSE.
BUT I ASSURE
YOU-- OURS IS
NO SINISTER
PLOT AGAINST
MANKIND.

I SHALL
SHOW YOU
WHO AND
WHAT
WE ARE.

OUR TALE BEGINS MORE
THAN ONE HUNDRED OF
YOUR EARTHLY CENTURIES
AGO... ABOARD A STAR-
SHIP CALLED "THE
COMET" ...

"...A STARSHIP WHICH CRASHED
ON YOUR PLANET WHEN YOUR
YOUNG RACE WAS ONLY
BEGINNING TO CLIMB DOWN
FROM THE TREES.

"ONLY THREE OF THE SHIP'S
PERSONNEL SURVIVED THE
ACCIDENT: A SCIENTIST...
AN ENGINEER... AND MY-
SELF, KAMMAR THE
HISTORIAN.

"COMET'S MISSION
HAD BEEN MERELY
TO OBSERVE AND
EXPLORE THE EARTH.

"BUT WHEN WE THREE LEARNED
THIS WORLD WAS INHABITED--
THAT CERTAIN OF ITS CREATURES
WERE IN THE PROCESS OF
EVOLVING INTO AN
INTELLIGENT SPECIES--

"-- WE KNEW
OUR MISSION
HAD TO BE
SOMETHING
GREATER."

WE BECAME
THE TEACHERS
--THE
CARETAKERS
OF YOUR RACE.

THAT'S RIGHT, MORBIUS
I AM MORE THAN TEN
THOUSAND YEARS OLD
I AM THE MAN WHO
SHOWED YOUR CAVE-
DWELLING ANCESTORS
HOW TO MAKE FIRE!

I CAN SEE
BY YOUR
EYES...
THAT YOU
SPEAK THE
TRUTH, I AM...
ASTOUNDED.

BUT I STILL DO NOT
UNDERSTAND--

THIS! IT IS
OUR GREATEST
ACHIEVEMENT...
AND OUR LAST...
WE ARE DYING,
MORBIUS.

BUT IN THE PAST
CENTURY, WE HAVE
WATCHED MANKIND
ENTER A DECLINE.

HIS SOCIETIES ARE
CRUMBLING... HE PLACES
HIS MOST POTENT WEAPONS
IN THE HANDS OF LEADERS
WHO CARE MORE FOR WEALTH
AND POWER THAN FOR
THEIR FELLOW BEINGS.

THUS, TO PREVENT
THE RACE WE HAVE
NURTURED FROM
FALLING TO DECAY--
OR WORSE-- WE
HAVE UNDER-
TAKEN

PROJECT:
SECOND
GENESIS

WE ARE CREATING A
RACE OF SUPER-MEN,
MORBIUS-- "THE
CHILDREN OF THE
COMET." WE CALL
THEM-- TO JOIN
WITH MAN AND
CARRY ON OUR
WORK

AND WHAT
HAS THIS
TO DO WITH
DAEMON?

HE OPPOSES US.
HE BELIEVES THAT
MAN'S FUTURE LIES
WITH THE DARK
FORCES OF THE
SUPERNATURAL

THAT IS WHY
WE NEED YOU,
MORBIUS-- TO
DESTROY HIM
AND HIS EVIL
CULT

BAH!
DO YOUR OWN
DESTROYING! I'VE
HAD MY FILL OF
OCCULT MANIACS!

I FIND YOUR DEAL AS
ILL-CONCEIVED AS HIS!
MAN SHOULD EARN HIS
RIGHT TO SURVIVE--!

MORBIUS-- WAIT! WE CAN
BE OF HELP TO YOU, AS
WELL. WE CAN FIND THE
WOMAN YOU LOST-- YOUR
LONG-LOST MARTINE!

OUR RACE HAS
BEEN BRED TO
ABHOR VIOLENCE.
WE CANNOT KILL
WITHOUT IRRE-
PARABLE PSYCHIC
DAMAGE TO
OURSELVES.

BUT IF YOU WILL DO
THIS THING, WE SHALL
REWARD YOU

WITH MARTINE
VERY WELL... I
SHALL DO AS
YOU ASK.

THIS, THE DEMON PRIEST'S PLACE OF RESIDENCE IS MADE KNOWN TO THE LIVING VAMPIRE, AND...

I DEPART BUT KNOW THIS IF THIS IS A TRICK, I SHALL RETURN-- TO CLAIM VENGEANCE!

MY AFFECTIONS ARE NOT YOURS TO TOY WITH I AM NOT A PRODUCT OF YOUR --ENGINEERING.

AND NOW, CARETAKERS...

I DID YOU FAREWELL. WHEN NEXT WE MEET-- DAEMON-- WILL BE DEAD!

DOWNWARD FROM THE CLIFFSIDE, THE HOLLOW-BONED MAN-BAT RIDES THE WINDS FOR SHORT DISTANCES, UNTIL HE REACHES THE CITY OF THE ANGELS--!

THERE! THAT IS THE BUILDING WHICH THE CARETAKERS DESCRIBE!

THERE IS WHERE I SHALL FIND THE MURDERER DAEMON.

I MUST NOT FORGET THAT HE IS A KILLER-- THAT UNDER HIS SPELL, I WAS MADE TO KILL THE RABBI NAMED KRAUSE *

*LAST ISSUE --R7

IN ONE OF THESE APARTMENTS I SHALL FIND HIM... AND PERHAPS HIS ENTIRE CULT. BUT, I WONDER...

CAN I BRING MYSELF TO KILL... WITHOUT THE THRUST TO SPUR ME ON?

EVEN A MURDERER... HAVE I THE RIGHT, OR EVEN THE STOMACH, TO...

WAIT--!

THERE HE IS-- WITH A WOMAN-- CONDUCTING SOME ARCAIC RITUAL!

HEAR US, O' GREAT BALKATAR! WE HAVE NEED OF YOUR POWER!

COME FORTH-- AND DELIVER US FROM THOSE WHO WORSHIP THE FALSE GOD SCIENCE!

WE SUMMON
VE UP FROM
THE MUST TO--

MORBIUS!

B-BUT YOU'RE
UNDER MY
INFLUENCE!
YOU CAN'T--

I AM IN YOUR
POWER NO LONGER,
CONJURER! MY OWN
WILL HAS PREVAILED!

AND I HAVE SOUGHT
YOU OUT-- TO
DESTROY YOU!

WHERE ARE
YOUR DARK
GODS NOW,
EVIL ONE?
WHY DO
THEY NOT--

SAVE ME?
THEY SHALL, VAMPIRE!
YOU SEE?

THE SPELL
REQUIRED
TIME-- BUT
IT HAS
WORKED!

FROM
BEYOND
--HE
COMES!

HE IS
BALKATAR--
BROTHER TO
THE JUNGLE
CAT!

AND HE
KILLS
AT MY
COMMAND!

ONCE AGAIN,
MORBIUS IS
STRUCK DUMB--!

HOMILIES, HIJINX, AND HAPPY NEW YEAR —FROM THE HALLOWED HALLS OF MARVEL

STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

Well, here it is — the start of a brand new year for all of us! It's the perfect time to clue you in on some of the fabulous, far-out projects in store for you from mighty Marvel, where wonders never cease — and where the future has never looked more exciting!

We don't have to tell you what a smash sensation our Spider-Man medallion coins have been — you're probably wearing one right now! But that's only the beginning! Every other product manufacturer seems to be discovering Marvel at the same time. So, in the coming year you'll be seeing more of our swingin' superhero gizmos than you can shake a spider-web at! But, that's just for starters —!

Even as I pen your momentous monograph, Marvel's vast, worldwide network of legal experts (okay, so it's one over-worked lawyer with a scratchy pen) is in the process of signing a contract with one of America's largest and most famous book-publishing companies to do a series of hard-cover books about — you guessed it — your favorite Marvel masterworks! We'll tell you more in coming issues, and we hoodwink thee not — it'll herald a whole new world of reading excitement for all Marveldom Assembled — even for the few heretics who still may be at large!

Naturally, FOOM is still growing by leaps and bounds. Your batty Bullpen has just scheduled a special meeting to vote on all the new goodies and surprises in store for the Friends Of Ol' Marvel, may their luster never dim! And of course one of our zingiest new sensations is the Value Stamp project we've just begun — which Rascally Roy will discuss with you in living color — if I ever leave him enough space!

Since no mere mortal can bear too much mind-staggering munificence, I'll merely hint at some other dynamite developments to come. Wouldja believe a full-length feature film about some of our cataclysmic characters? And how about the two top TV producers who are making us an offer we can hardly refuse? And, we've gotta admit we're still sneakily working on plans for new, earth-shaking characters and concepts in our ever-growing line of Marvel comics and mags. So watch your newsstand, watch these pages, and watch out for enemy agents! We mustn't let a word of this reach the competition!

Excelsior!

Stan

ITEM! Sheesh! It's January again — and it seems like only yesterday that the whole batty Bullpen were auld-lung-synching each other at New Year's parties all over Manhattan, the Bronx, and Staten Island too. Anyhow, just for the heck of it, we thought you might wanna see some of the New Year's Resolutions dreamed up by our nutty artists and writers for 1974. So here goes —!

Merry GERRY CONWAY resolves he'll take the time to memorize the agreement of all Asgardian pronouns and verbs. (He's got no choice! Rascally Roy stamped 'em all over Mr. C's forehead!)

Macabre MIKE PLOOG vows to make his new project, the Man-Thing, as horribly hairy and helishly heinous as his Werewolf, Ghost Rider, and Frankenstein Monster put together.

RICH (Swash) BUCKLER pledges to make the Fantastic Four even more popular than it already is. (And you know something? The lad just might make it!)

Jazzy JOHNNY ROMITA swears he'll sneak away from his post as art director long enough to actually draw a Spider-Man saga or two, just for old times' sake.

STEVE (Baby) GERBER and Battlin' BOB BROWN jointly avow that they will both figure out every one of the gimmicks 'in Daredevil's billy-club before 1975 rolls around — they hope!

Big JOHN BUSCEMA promises to remember that a right-handed Barbarian wears his sword on his left side, not on his right.

Sibling SAL B. claims he'll get a new compass to help him draw those difficult, painstaking stripes on Captain America's shield.

Marvelous MARV WOLFGAN and Gentleman GENE COLAN affirm that they'll invent at least three unique and previously untried ways for Count Dracula to die! (Lotsa luck, fellas!)

Rascally ROY THOMAS declares that this year Conan will definitely go thru one whole issue without once referring to his Cimmerian god Crom. Or, if not this year, then maybe the next —!

And Smilin' STAN LEE, our publishing potentate, swears that this'll be positively the last year he lets his ever-lovin' editor make up New Year's Resolutions for the whole blamed Bullpen!

But now, onward —!

ITEM! We need a breather, people — honest! So many of you have been sending in for your full-fledged FOOM kits and all the other Marvel-type merchandise we've been offering you, that we've got to discontinue our ads for 'em for the next few weeks, just long enough to get caught up on all the mountains of mail that're piling up! That's just by way of letting you know that, if you're one of the few Marvelites who haven't yet signed up for membership in our

FOOM fan club, you'll get your chance an ish or two from now. A word to the wise ...!

ITEM! And now, in closing, here's our mirthful message in SPIDER-MAN CODE for the merry month of January — to warm the cookies of your heart with news of a Marvel longtimer who'll be getting his very own series in the months to come. Like so:

PNVZM NZBDOFV GTDODVQO —
BY OFV, QMD BZV-KFWEI

Ponder over that little tidbit for a while, Straight Arrow!

MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST Now On Sale!

SPIDER-MAN #131 (Aunt May marries — Dr. Octopus?) — FANTASTIC FOUR #145 — THOR #222 (Thor and Hercules vs. Ares and Pluto!) — HULK #174 — MASTER OF KUNG FU #17 — TOMB OF DRACULA #19 (Snowbound in Hell!) — AVENGERS #122 — CAPTAIN AMERICA #172 (The Howl of the Banshee!) — WEREWOLF BY NIGHT #16 (Enter the Hunchback) — MAN THING #4 — CONAN THE BARBARIAN #37 (The Curse of the Golden Skull!) — GHOST RIDER #5 — POWER MAN #18 — IRON MAN #67 (The Fury of the Freak!) — FEAR #21 (Morbis the Living Vampire!) — MARVEL TEAM-UP #20 (Spidey and Black Panther!) — KULL THE DESTROYER #13 (The Fiend in the Flames!) — STRANGE TALES #173 (Brother Voodoo!) — ASTONISHING TALES #23 (It vs. Granitor — and Fin Fang Foom!) — WORLDS UNKNOWN #6 ("Killozer!") Theodore Sturgeon's greatest!) — Plus a Cornucopia of Colorful Comic-Book Classics!

THIS IS POWER!



THIS IS
IRON FIST!
 COMING IN FEBRUARY,
 IN MARVEL PREMIERE!

HE HAS SEEN THIS NIGHT
THE POWER OF SCIENCE
DIRECTED IN STRANGE,
SOMEHOW UNSAVORY
CHANNELS!

NOW HE IS
WITNESS TO
SORCERY--THE
MIND'S POWER--
TAPPED FOR
EQUALLY FOUL
ENDS INDEED.

"FOR THE SAME
END, THE SAVING,
SO CALLED, OF
MANKIND"

HOW CURIOUS
THAT THE
ADVOCATES OF
BOTH FORCES
RELY SO MUCH
ON KILLING AS
A MEANS TO
REDEMPTION.

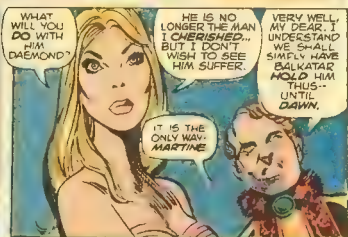
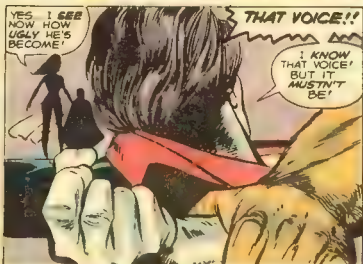
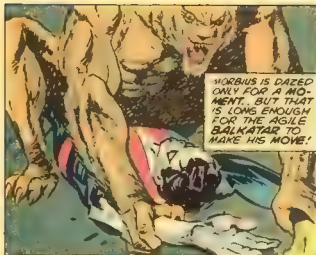
I AM CAUGHT IN
A WAR 'TWINX TWO
ARMIES OF
MADMEN!

AND EACH
HOLDS A
POWER THAT
CAN CRUSH
THE WORLD--AND
ME WITH IT!

IF DAEMON CAN SUMMON
OUT OF HELL MORE SUCH
FIENDS AS THIS--!

BUT--NO! I
MUST CONCENTRATE
ON BEATING THIS
ONE! AND THEN--

THEN...
BLACKNESS.



NEXT: COMES THE DAWN! AND WITH IT... THE DEATH OF MORBIUS? YOU WON'T KNOW UNLESS YOU'RE HERE IN SIXTY DAYS TO FOLLOW US

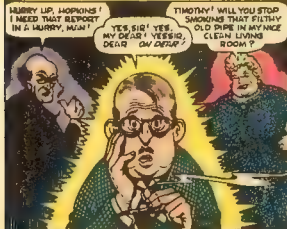
INTO THE LAIR OF THE CAT

YOU'VE GOT YOUR DREAMS AND YOUR DESIRES, MR. HOPKINS... BUT THEY'RE ALL WRAPPED UP IN EVIL... AND DEATH! THERE MUST BE AN AWAKENING...

SORRY... MR. HOPKINS!



FOR TIMOTHY HOPKINS, LIFE, UP TO A CERTAIN POINT, WAS A HUM-DRUM AFFAIR...A SHABBY BUSINESS OF A ROUTINE, SMALL-PAID JOB; A SHREWISH WIFE; A TOUGH, DEMANDING VOICE... BUT MR. HOPKINS WAS DESIGNED TO IT! AFTER ALL, WHAT COULD HE DO ABOUT IT?



UP TO A CERTAIN POINT, THAT IS...AND THAT POINT WAS REACHED ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON WHEN HE AND HIS WIFE VISITED A CARNIVAL THAT HAD COME TO TOWN...





AND THAT'S HOW IT STARTED... THIS MEERK LITTLE MAN WHO HAD NEVER DARED ENTERTAIN THOUGHTS OF MURDER AND ROBBERY WAS NOW CAUGHT IN A WHIRLPOOL OF EVIL AND INSANE DESIRE!!!



THAT NIGHT, HIS MIND STILL FILLED WITH VISIONS OF THE LOVELY GYPSY GIRL, MR. HOPKINS SET ABOUT THE FIRST STEP IN HIS PLAN...

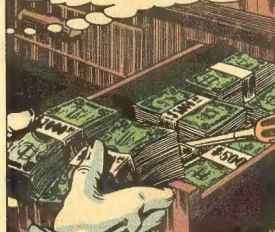


SO NOW THERE WAS BLOOD ON HIS HANDS, BUT MR. HOPKINS DIDN'T CARE! THE GYPSY GIRL WOULD KISS THEM CLEAN! IT WAS TIME NOW FOR THE SECOND STEP... THE ROBBERY OF HIS EMPLOYER...

HE DOESN'T PAY ME MUCH... BUT HE GIVES ME A KEY TO THE OFFICE IN CASE I WORK LATE! AWAY! THAT'S ALL OVER NOW! WE'LL RUN AWAY TOGETHER, ME AND... AND... WHY, COME TO THINK OF IT, I DON'T EVEN KNOW HER NAME! BUT NO MATTER...



...DOESN'T TRUST BANKS, THE OLD FOOL! KEEPS ALL HIS MONEY-- HIS LIFE'S SAVINGS-- IN HIS DESK! DOESN'T THINK I KNOW IT... NEW! THERE, NOW... IT'S ALL MINE... MINE AND MINE!!!



LEW CRIMES... MURDER AND ROBBERY! AT LAST THE MEERK MR. HOPKINS WAS A PERSON OF IMPORTANCE! AT LAST HE HAD DONE SOMETHING BIG! AND NOW HE RUSHED TO COLLECT HIS REWARD... THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS WERE DARK AND DESERTED...

BUT SHE'S STILL HERE! I KNOW IT... I FEEL IT IN MY BONES! I'VE DONE WHAT SHE ASKED, AND NOW... NOW...



FOR MR. HOPKINS! HE WAS IN SUCH A HURRY FOR A KISS FROM THOSE RUBY LIPS, HE RUSHED INTO THE TENT AND AGAIN RAN INTO THE POLE!

DARLING ...!

OOOHHH!
MY
GLASSES!

HERE THEY ARE,
MR. HOPKINS...
DID YOU DO AS
I ASKED?

EVERYTHING! EVERYTHING!
MY WIFE IS DEAD... AND HERE'S
THE MONEY... BUT I CAN'T SEE
A THING WITHOUT MY GLASSES!

I... I'M SO ANXIOUS
FOR THAT KISS! AND...
AND WE *WILL* GO AWAY
TOGETHER, WON'T WE?
WON'T HE?

ANYTHING YOU SAY, MY DARLING!
BUT... YOU'RE FORGETTING
TO PUT ON YOUR GLASSES!

OH... YES... OF COURSE!
HMMM... THESE FEEL
JUST LIKE MY OLD
ONES...

THEY *ARE* YOUR OLD ONES,
SWEETHEART! WHEN YOU BROKE
THEM I GAVE YOU A PAIR THAT
I KEEP AROUND JUST FOR
TIMES LIKE THIS! I HAD
THEM REPAIRED... NOW,
KISS ME!

OH... NO!
AAAEEEEEE!!!

KISS ME!
KISS ME!

SORRY, MR. HOPKINS!

THE END

MAIL IT TO MORBIUS

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MORBIUS: HE'S NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FANG

Suddenly, everywhere you look—on bookshelves, on magazine racks, on television, between kung fu flicks at your neighborhood theatre, over your left shoulder—you see vampires. White vampires, black vampires, teenage vampires, lady vampires, kung fu vampires! The world has gone bats!

Macabre Marvel alone produces four vampire magazines: **TOMB OF DRACULA**, **DRACULA LIVES!**, **VAMPIRE TALES**, and the one you're holding in your hands. And there's another on the way. For some inexplicable reason, the American public can't get enough of these lovable little night-stalkers who grab you, hypnotize you, sink their teeth into your neck, and drain every drop of blood from your body.

We won't attempt to theorize about this burgeoning passion for the living dead. We won't try to link it to the contemporary lust for violence or the psychic drain on the Nation of a ten-year war followed by what looks to be a ten-year scandal. We make comic books, not hypotheses, in the main. But there is one hypothesis we'd like to put before you at this point in time:

This vampire comic is fairly unique.

Why? We're glad we asked!

The vampire's the good guy, for one thing. For another, he's not dead. He has all the passions, the needs, the drives of any living human being—and one that most people don't have, thankfully.

His name is **MORBIUS**. **MICHAEL MORBIUS**. And he made his first assault on the minds and necks of Marveldom in **SPIDER-MAN #101**, not the likeliest place to encounter a thirst-maddened bloodsucker. Created by Marvel's editor **ROY THOMAS** and artist **GIL KANE**, who also drew this issue of **FEAR**, Morbius may well be the World's First Scientifically (sort of) Spawned Vampire.

His origin:

Slowly dying of an incurable blood disease, Nobel prize-winning biophysicist Michael Morbius took a last, desperate risk to save his life. He injected himself with an enzyme distilled from

the blood of a vampire bat...then subjected himself to a painful electric-shock treatment, designed to activate that enzyme to produce within him new blood cells. It didn't work out exactly as planned. True enough, he was no longer dying; but he found himself experiencing a rather unusual craving—for human blood. Morbius had become a Living Vampire!

His first victim was his closest friend and associate, the man called **Nikos**, who had helped him perform the fateful experiment. His lover **Martine** almost became his second, but conscience and emotion won out over the madness, momentarily, and she was spared.

However, Morbius himself was spared none. Never a handsome man, his chalk-white face, another result of the experiment, made him hideous to behold. More, his integrity, his respect for life had to be compromised almost daily. For though he found that he need not kill every victim—that he could drink only as much as he needed, leaving his victims with some chance for recovery—he knew, too, that always the madness would return, to be followed in turn by the soul-searing anguish, the deep psychic pain he would feel for what he had done. He realized that he would constantly be torn between two equally repulsive alternatives: suicide, or making prey of his fellow man.

So now Morbius searches—for the cure for his new affliction and for his lost love. But thus far that search has led only to even greater perils and to the throats of more victims. His trail of blood has taken him through **SPIDER-MAN #102**, **MARVEL TEAM UP #3 & 4**, and on into his two current series in **VAMPIRE TALES** and **FEAR**. He has battled **Spider-Man**, the **Human Torch**, the **Lizard**, the **X-Men**, a cult called **Demon-Fire**, and now he stands on the threshold of perhaps his greatest adventure as middle-man in clash between the forces of sorcery and those of science.

Which brings us back to this particular series. It's a curious blend of the traditional supernatural motif for vampire sagas and straight-out science fiction. Again, we think this may be a first. (Though, if it succeeds, you will doubtless see imitators.) We'd like to know your reaction

to it.

Finally, a personal note: it's taken a lot of time and a lot of thought to formulate just the right ambience for this new series, to differentiate it from both **Marv Wolfman's** excellent **TOMB OF DRACULA** and **Don McGregor's** fine **MORBIUS** stories in **VAMPIRE TALES**. **Mike Friedrich**, who wrote the first episode of the **FEAR** series cheerfully handed the task over to me, jovially admitting that he had no idea where it was headed! I let it take its own direction, and this issue is the result. I like it. Roy likes it. Marv and Don are pleased.

So what do you think? We'll know...just as soon as you set pen to paper and WRITE!! (Was that subtle enough?) We'll be waiting to hear from you!

For Stan, Roy, and the Bulpen
Steve Gerber

BIG THINGS ARE COMING FROM MARVEL WATCH FOR 'EM...

THIS IS IT! YOUR
MARVEL VALUE STAMP
FOR THIS ISSUE!



CLIP 'EM AND COLLECT 'EM!

THE HUMAN TORCH AND THE MAGNIFICENT MEDUSA

ON THE TERROR-FRAUGHT TRACK OF...

TERNAK

THE MONSTER WHO WALKS THE MIDNIGHT SNOWS!!

PG. FOR NIT-PICKERS!! YEP, THE EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED THING IS IN THIS 16H, TOO!

FANTASTIC FOUR

ON SALE JAN. 15th

NO USE! EVEN IF FIREBALLS DON'T STOP HIM—BEFORE HE CRUSHES ME!

DON'T GIVE UP, TORCH! WHATEVER WE DO—WE'VE GOT TO KEEP FIGHTING UNTIL WE DIE!